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# Detective Intellikat and the Case of the SHhtop! Letter



intellikat

knucklepants

humor

62 1 4

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

Detective Intellikat sat in his large oaken swivelly-chair with basket and cushion looking at the large file folder splattered about on his desk. He leaned forward and ran his paw through the collected information on the latest case. It was a real doozy, this one.

He pulled a handwritten letter from the pile and unfolded it to read once again:

"Dear Intellikat,

Please stop posting things about (Diego) knucklepants, because it's weird!

We'll, Im not just talking to Intellikat, but to all of you, Im not mad at you, just SHhtop!

Sincerely, Leonard, friend of Diego, Gabriel and student of ms. Alma.

It all makes sense now, doesnt it?"

No, it didn't make any sense at all to him. Detective Intellikat had run each of the names through the federal database and come up with nothing. There was no "Knucklepants" listed as a birthname or even surname for any individual, living or dead, in the entire country. A step

further, and an international search came up a blank as well. No "Diego Knucklepants,"

"Knucklepants Diego", nothing. I can't help but find it hard to believe that these people were real at all... they sounded like fictional characters out of some convoluted Japanese-Mexican Manga Mash-up.

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Oh, and the escapades they had! Causing a meltdown at the 12th Annual National Nuclear Reactor Spelling Bee, being implicated in the double homicide at their high school, word of involvement in illegal costume dress-up parties.... this was just the tip of the kibble mound. These had to be urban myths. Legendary characters. Fables to warn others of the folly of behaving in the way these characters had. Right?

But now the seasoned detective had a choice to make. Someone claiming to be Leonard was pleading for a halt in their investigation. Detective Intellikat had been posting questions in various online forums about the whereabouts of Knucklepants for some time now, just to try and get the boy in for questioning. Apparently, he had hit a nerve. A nerve named Leonard.

Perhaps he was getting too close to the truth for the boys to handle.

Perhaps fiction had become the real truth for them.

## Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



Maybe just lay off it, man. They're kids.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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